MEMORIAL,

St. Andrew's Church,

PITTSBURGH.

Memorial

SERMON AND ADDRESS

ON THE DEATH OF

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

St. Andrew's Church,

PITTSBURGH,

Sunday, April 16, and Wednesday, April 19, 1865.

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SERMON:

The Nation's Bereavement.

BY

REV. WM. A. SNIVELY,

ASSISTANT MINISTER.

SERMON.

'THE BEAUTY OF ISRAEL IS SLAIN UPON THY HIGH PLACES: HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN!" 2 Sam. 1: 19.

I PRESUME that all hearts are throbbing to-day with the impulse of a common sorrow. The tokens of grief upon public buildings and private dwellings, the flags at half-mast upon our shipping, and even the insignia of mourning with which willing hands have enshrouded this sanctuary—are all eloquent of a Nation's Bereavement; and yet, eloquent as they are, they but feebly express the sorrow which rests upon the Nation's heart.

What words can tell the grief of thirty millions of hearts? What emblems can adequately portray a sorrow which, in the deepest consciousness of the people, seeks in vain for utterance?

But a week ago, the heart of the Nation was

thrilled with joy. The goal to which for four long years of blood, we had been looking forward, had been reached at last. The news came in the silence of night—and bells rang for joy, and processions marched—banners were waved and music was heard —speeches of congratulation were made and doxologies of praise were sung; and over all the land there rested the brightness of a joy which was born in the hour of victory, and which came to us as the harbinger of peace.

But from the height of our exultation we are plunged into the depths of woe. Again in the stillness of night the telegraph bore its message, and this time it was the message of death.

The Nation, in the hour of its triumph, is called to endure a bereavement, which we may well count as our heaviest loss: for the beauty of Israel is slain upon her high places, and the mightiest man of the nation has fallen.

It is no wonder that the few who received the intelligence in the early dawn of yesterday found it a burden too great to bear alone; no wonder that a sleeping community must be aroused to share the crushing load; no wonder that the gathering crowds of the morning, meeting for the activities of the

day, paused, appalled by the terrible news; no wonder that strong men should bow themselves and weep; for, often as the fear has haunted us in the last four years, we never knew the bitterness of the fact which meets us to-day—that the President of the Nation has fallen by an assassin's hand.

The commemorations of the Christian Church were weeping but yesterday by the Cross on which the Saviour of the world died, and the long penitence of the Lenten Fast was about to break forth into Easter rejoicings of triumph; when suddenly upon the sky of our Nation's life, bright with recent victory, this dark cloud arose and overspread it all with gloom.

The flowers which were to decorate the Easter festival must be laid upon an open coffin; and we who had hoped to go in faith to the empty sepulchre and sing our carols of the Resurrection, must stand by a newly-made grave, which waits to receive all that is mortal of the Chief Magistrate of the land. A minor wail of sadness enters the triumphant anthems of the day, and makes them as mournful as a funeral dirge. A Nation in its bereavement is bathed in tears, and I should not do justice to the promptings of my own heart, nor to your

reasonable expectations, if I failed to allude to the sorrow which in common we bear.

The service of the Church commemorates well the resurrection glory, and prepares us for the sacramental act in which we are to engage; and we may well pause, therefore, at this point in the service, to shed a tear, and pay the tribute of a sigh, to the memory of that great and good man who has so suddenly passed away.

It would be vain to hope, within the limits of a single sermon—and in the haste with which these words have been thrown together—to give any adequate expression to the Nation's Bereavement; for in all the relations of President or of Man, there is a vacant place in the land to-day.

The confidence which we felt in our Departed Ruler was the growth of the years of his official life; and there is not a man in the country to-day, whatever may be the combination of his talents and powers, who can fill his place—for there is no man who has been trained in the school of experience through which he has passed, or who has been fitted for his mighty task by the ordeal which he has so nobly stood. Time may soon develop the excellent man upon whom his duties now devolve—but

the hope of the future but feebly supplies the positive faith we had in him who has been taken from us.

It is not merely in his official capacity, however, that we weep over ABRAHAM LINCOLN to-day. I think I am safe in saying, that the blow which has fallen so suddenly upon us, reaches us, first, in our relation to

I. The President as an Individual.

For every true patriot feels that he has lost a friend whom he loved.

But four years ago he was a comparative stranger to the Nation and to the world. The course of our history elevated him, somewhat suddenly, to the most exalted position of earthly power, and bestowed upon him, with wonderful unanimity, the highest gift of a free people.

The palaces of kings, with their traditional gilt and tinsel, grow pale in comparison with the simple home of the Republican Ruler—and hereditary thrones are but toys compared with the deeper significance of the Presidential chair of the American People; for the true dwelling of the President is in the hearts of the People—and the chair of state in

which he sits is guarded by the brave convictions of thirty millions of hearts, and defended by the willing sacrifice of twice thirty millions of arms.

His first national introduction revealed the fact that he was a man of the People. From the rude beginnings of a western pioneer life, he had lifted himself, step by step, to the high place he occupied. Surrounded by the disadvantages of poverty in early life, he had overcome the obstacles which lay in his path; and by the native force of his character, and the simple, unbending purpose of his own will, he had met and overcome the difficulties before which weaker hearts would have quailed. Beneath the rugged visage of the sturdy yeoman, earning his bread by honest and laborious toil, there dwelt a great, heroic soul; a spirit which needed only the opportunity to reveal its greatness, and which, in its highest hopes, was not disappointed.

We need not trace to-day the course of that ever-ascending life; the steps of its advancement are familiar to us all. From the toil of the laboring man to the intricacies of the legal profession, from the duties of his profession to the responsibility of a Representative in Congress, and from Congress to the Presidential chair—these have been rehearsed

again and again within the last four years, and have become familiar to the entire Nation. And yet the early life of our Departed Ruler displayed two characteristics from which afterward the Nation was led to expect great things, and was not disappointed.

The first of these was developed in his more private and professional life. In his common business intercourse with neighbor and friend, and rarer still in the temptations of an attorney's life, he had earned for himself the reputation of "God's noblest work,"

1. An Honest Man.

It was the testimony of those who knew him best that expressed itself in the homely but significant title of "Honest Abe Lincoln," a verdict of which any man might well be proud. No ordinary integrity can gain the compliment of such an epithet. There are a thousand men in every community who would scorn to defraud their business neighbor of a single cent, who have never achieved such a distinction; so that the characteristic must have been a prominent and prevailing and controlling one in his nature and his life, to have extorted from those with whom he came in contact in the common affairs of business, the compliment of such a title.

It gave the Nation, therefore, reason to expect that when elevated to be the leader of a great and free people, his Administration, so far as he could control it, should be honest and sincere; that it should recognize the obligations of political duty, and fulfill them; and that rising above the mere emoluments of office, it should seek to meet its responsibilities and discharge them as a sacred trust. And I appeal to you to-day, whether that expectation has not been met? Where, in all history, will you find the man who has devoted himself more faithfully to the high duties of his office? Caring but little for its mercenary rewards, and almost ignoring its dignities, where is the man who has more constantly sought to feel the pulse of popular conviction, or to be guided by the popular belief, than he? The honesty of purpose and integrity of motive which he had gained in the narrower circle of his private and professional life, he has carried unsullied and unstained through the most trying ordeal of his official career; and of all the charges which his most bitter critic could bring against him, no one has dared to say that in any act he sought his personal aggrandizement at the cost of the public interest; and even his political opponents have

confessed that his constant aim was to meet the high responsibilities which were committed to his charge, as an honest man, and to watch over the liberties and the rights of the People who had made him their Ruler. Through discouragement and opprobrium he has pursued the even tenor of his way. Undaunted by the threats of foes, undazzled by the flattery of friends, in the delicate and difficult position which our History has assigned him, he has exhibited a kindness of spirit, and a gentleness, a leniency and forgiving disposition, coupled with an honest integrity of purpose, that has won the friendship of his most determined political opponents, and that has fixed his name forever in the hearts of the American People.

In addition to this, his early career had led the Nation to expect that in his official capacity, as well as in the professions of his individual belief, he would be

2. A Friend of Freedom.

In the trying position of a member of Congress, at a time when to speak a word for Freedom was considered almost a crime, he dared to lift his voice against the mighty Wrong of our national life, and to be known as a friend of the Oppressed. The

great State of Illinois rang with his clear and manly words, as he stood forth the champion of Liberty against the recognized champion of Diplomacy and Compromise. Even when such a position was not the popular one, and when the traditions of the departed great were all upon the side of compromise and concession, he dared to identify himself with the Right, rather than with mere expediency; and upon that foundation will rest the permanence of his fame, for the mere expedient passes away, or changes with the circumstances of man, while the Right is eternal, and cannot change.

I need not appeal to you to say whether this promise of his early life has been fulfilled? Let his great historic act be the reply. Let the revolutionized sentiment of the American People on the question which it settled forever, answer. Let our recently achieved devotion to the *right*, and our fixed and unalienable contempt for weak compromises hereafter, respond. Let the mute reverence with which, on many a Southern plantation, the down-trodden race mentions his name, or the glad hosannas with which the liberated slaves of Richmond hailed him as their Deliverer, or the unqualified encomiums which he has gained from the friends

of freedom throughout the world, be the reply. It is no exaggeration to say, that wherever the down-trodden yearn for liberty, wherever the fires of freedom burn upon human hearts, wherever the oppressed slave looks toward the North star and longs for the day of his deliverance to come—that there the name of Abraham Lincoln is a watch-word of hope—a name which henceforth is rendered doubly sacred by death.

These two controlling forces of his character—his integrity of purpose and his devotion to the idea of liberty—have given him the place he holds in American hearts to-day. Combined with them he has developed a wisdom which has looked on all sides of every question before it reached its calm decision; a shrewdness which has exposed the trickery and hollowness of many a make-shift of politicians; a common-sense, straight-forward way of doing things, which has put to shame the timid and time-serving course of many of his predecessors; a sympathy which has shared the sorrows of every patriot brother who has participated in the historic task of placing the Government on a sure foundation; a gentleness and kindness which has in unnumbered instances extended the hand of

mercy, when justice might have claimed its victim; and with them all an unceasing flow of humor, which has had its smile amid the most entangling questions of administration and the most perplexing cares of office. These are the qualities which have made him almost the idol of American hearts, which have disarmed his enemies and made them his friends, and which has enabled the patriot hearts of the land, of every shade of partisan belief, to feel that the Government was safe in his hands; and to set him forth as the embodiment at once of our National Faith and our National Hope.

This brings us to consider the Bereavement we mourn to-day, in its relation to the President as

II. The Ruler of a Great People.

His official life is but the development, on a wider scale, of the elements which constitute his private character. He had not one set of opinions for the council-chamber and another for public utterance; his private views and his uttered beliefs were essentially one. His exalted official position, however, invested these private characteristics with an importance which they could not otherwise possess. His words were echoed from the forests of Maine to

the Gulf-coast, and from the Atlantic sea-board over the Prairies of the West; and his mandates carried with them, even to European cabinets, the authority of a Great Nation. By virtue of his office, he was the embodied heroism and faith, the patriotism and hope of the American People; and his words, spoken in calmness and moderation, carried with them the endorsement of thirty millions of freemen, of an Army which is invincible, and of a Navy the proudest and most heroic that ever floated upon the sea.

Called to his high position at a time of great peril in our Nation's history, and placed in a position more trying and difficult than that which any of his predecessors had occupied, he nevertheless proved himself equal to the emergency; and through sunshine and storm, through hope, and doubt, and fear, he has stood undaunted at the helm of the Ship of State, with an eye to discern the danger and a nerve to meet it, which have fixed his place in history forever. The time has not yet come when we may fully estimate the force which his name and acts will have in the future; but this much at least is certain, that he has done more toward controlling and directing the future and regenerated life of the Nation than any man of his day, and that his official

career has planted the germs of benedictions whose final fruit will be gathered only in the end of time.

Through one term of official duty he passed with a brave heart; and then the severest test came. That four years of official toil was to be reviewed and criticised, and to have judgment passed upon it by the People whom he served. I need not tell you that it passed the test, and was endorsed and approved with a unanimity unknown before in our history; and with the approval of his countrymen he entered upon a new stage of official career, and bent himself again to his mighty task. Through all the past his faith in the Government had never failed, nor had his devotion to the cause relaxed, and at last the years of carnage and blood, and of faithful, though oftentimes discouraged working, were seen to be not in vain. God spared him to witness the first-fruits of his labors, and to guide the Ship of State at least within sight of the haven of peace. And then, when the struggle was almost over, and the victory almost won, he is summoned from his labors to his rest.

At the very summit of National Hope, at the very time of success—when our faith was rejoicing that the wisdom, and moderation, and kindness

which had conducted so long a war, would also be equal to the settlement of the questions involved in the restoration of a permanent peace—at that very moment he is taken away from us—not by the slow approaches of disease, nor by the honorable warfare of the field, but by the cowardly and fiendish act of the assassin. He fell at last a Martyr to his fidelity to the cause which was entrusted to his care; a victim to the demon spirit of Rebellion, which he had so successfully fought and so gloriously vanquished; the last and greatest offering upon the altar of our country's life—for *he was murdered because he was President.*

It is not for us to interpret the providence which permitted him to thus be cut down, in the very hour when his star was at its zenith, and his highest hopes were realized. Nor is it for us to question the wisdom of that Providence which permitted him thus to be called away. We can only stand before the awful fact, and bow to the will of Heaven.

God spared him to us long enough to see the power of the Rebellion broken, its leading General a prisoner, and the despotic Usurper who was its head, a fugitive from justice; and then, as if to make their punishment complete, God permitted a rebel

arm to strike down the very man whose kindness of heart, whose moderation and wisdom, coupled with his official power, would have made him the best and most influential friend the conquered rebels can hope to have. It may be that the Infinite Wisdom saw that there was too much kindness in that great heart to meet the stern issues of penalty which justice demands; it may be that he, in the order of Heaven, was to give place to one who has himself suffered under the Usurper's tyranny, and who by that suffering has been fitted to be the minister of vengeance.

And so he has passed from us, in the full tide of successful duty; a man who has been equal to his task. A Nation weeps to-day beside his bier. His name, written by his own faithfulness on the page of history, is made indelible now by death. His memory is alluded to with subdued tones of chastened grief, and his mausoleum is a Nation's heart. His earthly task is done, but he still lives, for

> "They never fall who die
> In a great cause. The block may soak their gore,
> Their heads may sodden in the rain, their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls:
> But still their *spirit* walks abroad. Though years

Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
Which overpower all others, and conduct
The world at last to Freedom."

* * * * *

In the light of this Easter morn we read the pledge of his immortality, and remember that while God buries his workmen, he carries on his work. The impulse which our Departed Ruler has given to the Nation's Cause will abide with it; the precious heritage of his life, sealed at last by his blood—and in this faith we

"Tell his doom without a sigh,
For he is Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, th' immortal names
That were not born to die."

ADDRESS

On the Day of the Obsequies.

BY

REV. WM. PRESTON, D. D.
RECTOR.

ADDRESS.

THE funeral services in this Church on Sunday last, and the appropriate discourse to which we then listened, would seem to preclude the necessity, and perhaps even the propriety, of any additional remarks. I trust, however, you will indulge me, on this occasion, while I explain, very briefly, why we are assembled for a second service having reference to the same painful event, and also in a few practical observations. We come together, then, this morning, because this is the hour when the funeral obsequies of our late lamented Chief Ruler are being performed in the Capital of the Nation, and the civil authorities have requested that this hour should be observed by all the Churches throughout our land. It is not merely a family, nor a select circle of friends, but the Nation, who mourn this event. Every true patriot, every lover of his country, every Christian, and every friend of

humanity, must lament the foul crime that has deprived our Nation of one of the best of rulers. We may safely affirm, that twenty millions of people are at this hour contemplating this sad event, while thousands and millions of Christian hearts are now lifted up to God in supplication that He will have mercy upon us—that while His judgments are abroad in our land, the Nation may learn righteousness. God does not willingly afflict nations, any more than individuals, but designs that every chastisement should work the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby. It becomes every Christian, therefore, to pray that the Nation may improve the present Bereavement. God can doubtless overrule this evil for good; but to receive His blessing, He must be inquired of by the house of Israel to do it for them. It is eminently appropriate, then, to unite, at this solemn hour, our meditations, our sympathies, and our earnest prayers, with Christian hearts and voices throughout our land; to improve this sad occasion, and pray that God will overrule this sad event to the best welfare of our beloved country.

The Nation has lost one of the wisest and best of civil rulers—one whose chief imperfection (if that

was one,) consisted in an amiable clemency of disposition, which it is feared sometimes interfered with the strict administration of justice to the criminal. Nothing can be more false than the common maxim, "better that ten guilty should escape than that one innocent should suffer." On the contrary, justice is as truly violated when one criminal is suffered to escape, as when one innocent man is permitted to suffer. God, in His Government, never sacrifices justice to mercy—certainly not in the plan of our Redemption. The justice of God is there illustrated not less than His mercy, or than the heights and depths of His love. But, in a ruler invested with such ample powers as our Chief Magistrate, and exposed to such constant and extreme provocation, this amiable clemency is one of the most extraordinary of human qualities. Its opposite characteristic of vindictiveness and severity, is far more common in human character. The true and Christian mean is doubtless neither the one nor the other, but a justice which *precedes* mercy. Hence it is enjoined by Divine authority as the summary of man's duty, to "do *justly*—then, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God."

In the death of such a ruler as President Lincoln,

it has been well said, that the vanquished South have lost their best friend. Even a distinguished Southern leader is reported to have said, that this crime is the severest blow yet dealt to the Southern Confederacy. The crime has been one of the most aggravated description. Kings have fallen by the knife of the assassin, but it was in former ages, under despotic governments; and in some instances the victims were men who scarcely deserved a better fate. But under our own Government, where the ballot box can rectify every evil, and where the ruler himself was not more distinguished for wisdom and moderation than for clemency and kindness to all, even his enemies themselves, such a deed seemed impossible, and hence no one dreamed that precautions were necessary. Nothing, therefore, in our previous history, has perhaps so stirred the heart of the Nation. Nothing could be more sudden or strange, and hence the first inquiry of almost every one, on hearing of this terrible blow, has been, "What will be its most probable consequences to our Nation and the world?"

These consequences no human mind can accurately foresee. There are so many complications

and contingencies which none but the Omniscient Eye can clearly trace, that human calculation is utterly at a loss. Still, moral causes have their effects, just as certainly as material, and some of them we may perhaps be able to conjecture without very great uncertainty. One of the first of these consequences will be almost certain. This event will unite the hearts of the Nation in one fixed determination, at whatever cost, to uphold the supremacy of law, and to suppress, with the united power of a whole people, those comprehensive villainies of slavery, treason and rebellion, which have caused and upheld the terrible conflict of the last four years. This has already been its effect upon every loyal heart. Never before has there been such a universal determination to uphold and carry out the purposes of the Government as at this moment. Universal humanity shudders at the fearful crime which has been committed, and calls so loudly for justice and judgment. I cannot believe that a majority of the Southern Confederacy will approve so vile and dastardly an act. It is mean and cowardly beyond all precedent. If foreign nations have hitherto aided and sympathized with the rebellion, it would

seem that the least sense of decency and propriety will permit them to do it no longer. None can utter a word of approval of this last act of the terrible drama; none who value their own reputation or interest, can openly commend assassination and murder. All civilized men must unite in condemning the deed and its authors. In this respect, the evil will be overruled for the good of our country.

Another effect not less certain, will be seen in opening the eyes of all men to the enormous crime and brutalizing effects of Southern Slavery. Its demoralizing influences and desperate criminality have hitherto been realized by a comparatively small portion of our people But its depths of ferocity can be no longer concealed. They have become transparent to the feeblest sight. The deed of darkness which the Nation now laments, drew all its inspiration from Southern Slavery. Cruelty and assassination are its natural fruits. Its sullen and subtle workings have been known to many these forty years, but they have made themselves conspicuously manifest during the present war. They began to show themselves in the assassination of Ellsworth; they continued to manifest

themselves in the deliberate starvation of fifteen thousand of our brave soldiers, who were held and murdered as prisoners of war; and now they have culminated in the assassination of our late lamented Chief Magistrate. The mind that needs further evidence of the nature and villainy of African Slavery, must be hopeless to conviction—it would not be persuaded though one rose from the dead. If slavery had not received its death-blow previous to the recent sad event, it has doubtless received it now. Henceforth it must be regarded as an institution abhorrent to every sentiment of civilization and humanity. No more, I trust, shall we hear of learned and labored apologies for Southern Slavery; no more, of efforts to clothe that terrible crime with the sanctions of Divine authority. We needed the fruits of the tree, which have been developed in the cruelties and assassinations of the present war, to convince unbelievers of the nature of the tree itself. If the demonstration is received, even this great crime will not have been committed in vain. The Nation will rejoice that even this great apparent calamity has been overruled for our ultimate good.

Another consequence equally certain, is no less

plainly manifest—a consequence, too, over which we may well rejoice and give thanks unto God. In Divine Providence, this sad event was not permitted to transpire until the great work of our lamented Ruler was comparatively done, and *well* done. Had this murder been permitted four years since, in the streets of Baltimore, as was intended, no mind of man or angel could have measured the calamity to this Nation, or to the world. Had it been permitted before the battles of Antietam or Gettysburg, or previous to the late Presidential election, or even on the 10th of March last, when the arrangements for the assassination appear to have been complete, though we cannot penetrate the dark veil of the future with an omniscient eye, yet even human foresight can discern nothing but calamity and fearful disaster to all our liberties, and to the cause of freedom throughout the world. But God restrained the wrath of man until the power of treason and slavery was broken beyond redemption.

Now, had the Emperor of France fallen by a similar attempt, when it was made a few years since, it would doubtless have caused a revolution in that empire in forty-eight hours. Not so in

our own country. As to the person who should succeed our late Chief Magistrate, none entertained the shadow of a doubt. The law designated the individual, and never were the hearts of a people more perfectly united in sustaining it. It severed no link in the machinery of our Government—it left no chasm in the affairs of the Nation—it produced no effect upon the national finances. The late President had done well the work which God had given him to do; and while we deeply mourn his cruel and untimely end, yet do we rejoice and give thanks to God, that the life and prosperity of the Nation are so upheld that they depend upon the life of no one man; nay more, God reigns, and manifests his guardian care over us in an eminent degree, when the loss of such a life, however valuable, serves only to unite the hearts of this people, and even to strengthen the Government which it was intended to destroy.

Still another consequence of this sad event is scarcely less certain. It will have a tendency to exasperate the minds of the Northern section of our country against the Southern. This consequence is more dangerous and deplorable. May

God guard the great heart of the Nation against it; may it be ameliorated by the circumstances which we hope will grow out of it. It is to be hoped that leading men of the South will so effectually disclaim all sympathy and connection with this deed of assassination, and with such emphasis express their abhorrence of the act, as to allay, in a great measure, this spirit of exasperation, and even to form a bond of unity and sympathy, which seems to have been seriously weakened, if not utterly broken. I see not how any civilized man or woman, of either section, can feel any other sentiment than one of abhorrence toward a deed so entirely repugnant to honor, humanity and religion. If such a disclaimer should appear, we may well rejoice that the evil has been so far overruled for good. If otherwise, though a just severity may be demanded as reasonable and necessary, yet there is doubtless danger of a malignant, revengeful spirit, that would make little discrimination between the innocent and the guilty. Let the criminal suffer the just retribution of his crimes. Nor ought a just government to be deterred from this duty by the rank, wealth, or numbers of the guilty.

No such complaisance to wealth, rank and numbers is found in the Divine government, nor will it be in a strictly just and upright human government. At the same time, we do well to remember where it is written, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Let the guilty experience the just retribution of their crimes; let the wicked authors and leading participators in this foul conspiracy against humanity, suffer the punishment due to their crimes: but may God deliver us from a spirit of national malignity and revenge. While, therefore, as a Nation, we are deeply afflicted and humbled, by a deed which has deprived us of one of the wisest, kindest and best of Rulers, and society itself of one of its best and most useful members—while we owe our sympathies and prayers in behalf of the afflicted family and personal friends of our late Ruler—let it be our humble prayer to God, that this bereavement may be sanctified to the highest welfare of this whole people. To this end, we are to watch and pray, not only that God will overrule this evil for good, and guide, strengthen and uphold this Government, in all justice, goodness, mercy and truth, but that He will take from us the

spirit of hatred and revenge, and fill our hearts with that pure love of God and man which is the fulfilling of the Divine law. It is in this spirit only that we can hope in the promise that even in this event, which we so deeply mourn, God will cause the wrath of man to praise Him, while the remainder of that wrath He will restrain.

Lastly: I can see nothing in this event, however painful and sad, however afflicting to relatives, friends, and every true and loyal heart—I see nothing that casts a shadow upon the future unity, prosperity and perpetuity of the American Republic. The Nation has not been assassinated, though the deed was attempted. Its armies survive; its resources of men, and means, and courage, and determination, were never greater than now; its generals were never more competent and brave; the heart of the Nation never so decided as now in the work of destroying treason and slavery, as the root and branch of our present troubles, and of the great conflict of the last four years. God was never nearer to this Nation than at the present moment. His never-failing Providence was never more manifestly over us for good; for true, permanent blessing and national prosperity.

Our great deliverance from treason, slavery, and foreign interposition, is scarcely less wonderful than the deliverance of Israel by the hand of Moses, three thousand years ago.

Brethren, I want language to express the joy and thankfulness I feel when I think of the future of my beloved country. I bless God that I have lived to see this day. I am unspeakably more sanguine than I ever dared to be before the commencement of the present war. We have seen the unerring hand of Providence in this great deliverance. While slavery and the spirit of slaveholders wielded their vigorous powers, the body politic had a deep, dark ulcer in its vitals, which it seemed as if no remedy could reach, and which precluded all hope of permanent health. While we professed Republican liberty, we had reason to blush with conscious shame and hypocrisy before the civilized world. While rejoicing in our churches and institutions of learning and religion, we had reason to tremble at the remembrance that "God was just." But God has wonderfully delivered us—not, indeed, without means—not without a fearful cost and sacrifice of life and treasure—but fearful as the cost and sacrifice have

been, they are, I am fully persuaded, insignificant and trifling compared with the blessings we have gained.

To God belongs the praise of this great salvation. No wisdom of man, no might of human arm, has done the work, but God only, in his wonderful providence and infinite goodness. Praise God, therefore, in His holiness. Praise Him in the firmament of His power. Praise Him according to His excellent greatness. Praise Him, ye heavenly hosts. Praise Him, sun and moon, and stars, and light. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Above all, ye children of men, redeemed by the blood of Christ, blessed of Providence above all that ye can ask or think, bless ye the Lord. Praise Him, and magnify Him forever.

Sent from Pittsburg, by Capt.
W. Irwin Boyd - Dec. 1866.